



SAN FRANCISCO
HISTORY CENTER



369.2485
Sw34p

San Francisco Public Library

STACKS

REFERENCE BOOK

Not to be taken from the Library

3 1223 08678 1243

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS IN PEN
AND PICTURE OF THE
HAPPY HUNDRED

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH AMERICAN CALIFORNIA CLUB,
MAKING UP THE "LUTFISK" SPECIAL

RECALLING FRIENDS, PLACES AND INCIDENTS DURING
THEIR NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN TRIP TO THE

PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION, JUNE 12TH
TO JULY 4TH, NINETEEN FIFTEEN



MANAGING COMMITTEE

INTRODUCTION

By Henry S. Henschen

One day Ed Westman
Asked me and N. A. Nelson
To help him borrow
Every Swedish auto in Chicago,
To give the old folks in the Old People's Homes
A joy ride.

I liked his nerve;
Also his plan, and so we gave
Swen Anderson and Brita Person
And many other patriarchs and gummor
Kaffe med dopp in Lincoln Park
And the time of their lives.

Next Ed Westman
Told me and Edwin Olson
To hurry up and go with him
To Washington
And make the President of the United States
Promise to speak at a Swedish dinner in Chicago.

We went along
Just to see that no harm should come to him,
Or to bring back his remains.
At the White House
The President listened to Westman's eloquence
An hour or so,
Then said,
"I'll promise anything
If Ed Westman will let up on me, and quit."

Before the banquet
Ed Westman said he wanted me
To have the King of Sweden write a letter
Wishing the Republican party great success.
I meekly told him
The King is not a Republican
And does not write letters
To every Tom, Dick and Harry.

Ed Westman told me
To get that letter
Or he would throw me into Lake Michigan.
I got the letter
And nine hundred ninety Swedes
Yelled themselves hoarse when it was read at the banquet,
And Big Bill Taft smiled.

Later I had to go
To Washington again, with twenty Swedes,
To hang John Ericsson, by Arvid Nyholm,
In the National Gallery—
After a brief rest
Ed Westman ordered half a hundred of us
Up to St. Paul to help inaugurate
The Governor,—“a yolly fellow,
And so con-yenial, too.”

Finally Ed Westman
Told me he had decided
To take in the Frisco Fair,
And wanted me and N. A.

To hire him a special train
And invite all his friends to go along.
He said he thought a hundred would be enough,
But they must all be good-looking,
And have some coin.

He later stated
That on second thought
He had concluded
To also take in
Salt Lake, Yellowstone, Pomona,
Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver,
The Philippines, Alaska, Lake Louise,
And Westerlund's orchards, wherever they may be.

He told us
To hustle out and get the people and their money
And he would boss the job and supply the brains
For the entire trip.—which he did.

This book
Tells all about the trip,

And shows
How good-looking the people were.
You cannot see their coin, because
I got it all away from them,
Before they started,
By order of Ed Westman.

The last I heard from him
He was planning to take N. A.
Over to Europe to meet the Kaiser,
And order him
To quit fighting and shake hands
With George and Nick.

After stopping the war,
Ed Westman plans to give a banquet
For all the crowned heads of Europe,
In Chicago,
On October sixteenth,
And invite
Every lutfisk to be present.



HISTORY

By N. A. Nelson



THE excursion by some Chicago people of Swedish extraction to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco, was first suggested by Mr. Edward C. Westman, with the result that on January 19th, 1914, a meeting was held in the Chicago Athletic Club by a few parties interested, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of such a journey. At this meeting it was decided to arrange for the trip. Twenty-five persons were enrolled as members. It was also decided that each member pay \$10.00 per month toward a fund for the expense of the trip and that a maximum of expense be \$250.00 for each person. The following officers were unanimously elected:

City Engineer John Ericson.....	President
Charles S. Peterson.....	Vice-President
Nils A. Nelson.....	Secretary
Henry S. Henschen.....	Treasurer
Edward C. Westman.....	General Manager
Edwin A. Olson.....	Counsel

At the next meeting, held February 5, 1914, it was decided to name the organization the Swedish-American California Club of Chicago. The Club has since been incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois, with the same name.

In the early period Mr. Edwin A. Olson transferred his membership to Dr. Wm. A. Peterson, and hence attended only a few of the Committee meetings held, and for business reasons Mr. John Ericson was prevented from taking a more active part in the promotion of the excursion, and finally he did not see his way clear to accompany the party on the journey and so handed in his resignation as President a few days before the excursion started. The Vice-President, Mr. Charles S. Peterson, is a member of the Board of Education and chairman of the Finance Committee. At the time the excursion took place the Finance Committee were busy making up a budget for the year, and on this account Mr. Peterson, who accompanied the party to Omaha, was from there obliged to return to Chicago to take up the work of the School Board as chairman of said Committee, and hence was not with us until he met the party on its return homeward at Lake Louise, In Canada.

Therefore, arrangements for the excursion naturally rested with a committee of the three officers left. Being without both president and vice-president on the journey, Gov. A. O. Eberhart, of St. Paul, a member accompanying the party, was on June 14, 1915, elected President, which position he filled with honor to himself and the Club.

The number of meetings held by the Committee in Chicago, as well as on the train, were of a pleasant and interesting nature. Two social meetings were also held in Chicago, to which the members were invited and attended. One hundred twenty persons applied for membership in the Club. Of these only ninety-six qualified and took part in the excursion.

After several interviews with representatives of different railway companies, arrangements were finally made with R. S. Parish, City Passenger Agent for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway Co., to convey the party over the said company's line. This railroad, however, has a line only to Denver, Colo., and from there on the train was carried over the following railroad lines: Denver & Rio Grande, Salt Lake Route, Southern Pacific Railway, Great Northern Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Soo Line, back to Minneapolis, and from there on the C., B. & Q. line to Chicago.

The equipment consisted of five steel constructed compartment standard sleeping cars, one large observation car, one dining car, and one baggage car. This train engaged by the Committee was a special train known as the Lutfisk Special. The entire equipment remained with the Club from the time it left Chicago, on June 12th, at 9:30 P. M., until it returned to Chicago on the morning of July 4th, at 8:30 A. M. We had the same C., B. & Q. Railroad representatives, being H. E. Rogers, in charge of the train; Leo Clegg, Pullman Conductor; George Read, Dining Car Conductor; also same chefs and porters.

Not a minute of time was lost anywhere except one morning in Yellowstone Park, when we were informed that all the horses had run away during the night. This caused a little uneasiness and delay. However, most of the horses were found and were hitched up in twos to each conveyance instead of fours. The balance of the horses had taken a joy sprint to the next camp, where they were all in safe hands on our arrival. Seriously speaking, it is with thankful hearts that we today can state that not an accident of any kind happened.

The places of interest visited by the Club are as follows: Salt Lake City, Yellowstone Park, Pemona, Cal., Los Angeles, San Fran-

cisco and the Exposition, Shasta Springs, Medford, Ore., Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash., and from there by steamboat to Victoria and Vancouver. Leaving Vancouver, the party visited Albert Canyon, Sicomouse, the Glacier, Kamloops and Lake Louise. The train remained over night at Vancouver and Sicomouse so as to give the party an opportunity to view the beautiful scenery on going through the Canadian Rockies.

The estimated cost of \$250.00 per person for the entire trip has since been reduced by a cash dividend. The distance traveled from the time we left Chicago until our return was 7,000 miles. On the journey our train changed locomotives and train crew twenty-five times.

The party was favored on the journey at different times with not less than ten automobile rides, also two receptions and dinners, one at San Francisco and one at Seattle, and two receptions and refreshments, one at Pomona and one at Medford, Oregon, also one reception on

Swedish Day, June 24th, in the Illinois Building at the Exposition, and one for the ladies in the Swedish Building at the Exposition on the following day. Finally the Club had a farewell dinner at the Dykman Hotel in Minneapolis.

In looking back it may be said of this excursion that it was a great success, with no unpleasant experience of any kind. Every arrangement was carried out according to program. Every member of the party was cheerful, happy and satisfied. The following pages will give the complete story by different members, together with many interesting views of the entire journey, also a mention of many pleasant incidents that took place, and it is a question if ever a similar excursion could be made up of a number of people as pleasant, loyal and cheerful as was the party which made up the Lutfisk Special of the Swedish-American California Club of Chicago. The following are names of the persons who joined the club and went on the excursion.

List of Members

Mr. Adolf Anderson.
Miss Ruth Anderson.
Mrs. Alfred Anderson.
Miss Alphild Anderson
Mr. A. F. Anderson.
Miss Judith Anderson.
Mrs. John A. Anderson.
Miss Irene Anderson.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson.
Miss Alice Anderson.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Barquist.
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Benson.
Des Moines, Ia.
Miss Florence Carlson.
Miss Mabel L. Carlson.
Hon. and Mrs. Martin R. Carlson,
Moline, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Carson.
Miss Rosalie Carson.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Cederwall.
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Christenson.
Miss Emelia Dahlgren.
Gov. and Mrs. A. O. Eberhart,
St Paul, Minn.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Eckman,
Jamestown, N. Y.
Hon. and Mrs. Henry Ericsson.
Miss Martha Ericsson.
Mrs. John Ericson.
Mrs. John L. Forch, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Aug. P. Floberg,
Rockford, Ill.
Mr. Arthur Friedlund.
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Friedlund.
Miss Ebba Gustafson.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Henschen.
Robert M. Henschen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Johnson,
DeKalb, Ill.
Mr. A. Lanquist.
Mr. and Mrs. Edw. J. Lindsten.
Miss Esther M. Lindsten.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Linn.
John A. Linn, Jr.
Mrs. M. C. Mountain.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Nelson.
Miss Katherine Nelson.
Miss Elsie C. Nelson,
Rockford, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Nelson.
Mr. Byron Nelson.
Norman Nelson.
Stanley Nelson.
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nilson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Albin Nilson.
Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Oldenborg.
Mr. and Mrs. John Olson.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Peterson.
Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson,
Rockford, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Peterson.
Miss Cecilie J. Peterson.
Mrs. E. A. Prechel.
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Price.
Miss Belle Robarth.
Mr. and Mrs. Aug. H. Skoglund.
Mrs. C. G. Stromberg.
Mr. John Sundine, Moline, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Torstenson.
Mr. and Mrs. Olof Wallin.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Westman.
Miss Ethel E. Westman.

The Royal Gorge

By Mrs. Edith M. Henschen



AFTER leaving the Mississippi valley so familiar to all of us, we entered the Rockies with a wealth of expectation in regard to the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, the first wonderwork to be presented to our hungry nature-loving eyes.

The mountains over which we traveled appeared rather commonplace and gave little promise of the grand sight which would soon greet us.

To gaze beyond Lake Louise is to get a glimpse of Paradise. To enter the Royal Gorge makes one almost tremble as if one were about to behold infernal regions.

As we enter the cañon the walls seem to close in on us. At one point the Gorge is only thirty feet wide.

Here Nature has done so much that man has been inspired to do his share and make it possible for us to travel in a comfortable train along the projecting wall, sometimes clinging close to it, sometimes passing over the rushing stream by means of the hanging bridge. Danger lurks below. We become dumb as Nature exhibits the power she possesses.

As our eyes follow those walls half a mile upward to the strip of blue sky above and again fall upon the churning stream below, we are filled with reverence for the God who controls the waters which have fashioned for us this masterpiece of Nature's handiwork.

We passed through the Gorge during the morning of June fourteenth, in open observation cars.



ROYAL GORGE BETWEEN DENVER AND SALT LAKE

Canon City

By Dr. Wm. A. Peterson



OUR first stop of any special importance was Monday morning, June 14th, at Cañon City, Colorado. Here was attached an observation car large enough for our entire party. The object of this was to give us an open unobstructed view of the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge. The train ascended slowly through that beautiful city of about five thousand people, and passed to the right the State Penitentiary, about two miles, where we entered the Grand Canyon and followed its winding curves between steep sagy hills and then immense granite mountains extending to the clouds. This pass is ten miles long, and at points the space between the mountains and the river is very narrow. It makes a very picturesque and wonderful scene to travel along at the bottom of these mountains. About five miles from Cañon City we enter into the Royal Gorge, about which our guide had already told us, but which has to be seen by our own eyes in order to realize its magnitude and magnificence. The river is very rapid and turbulent, owing to the steep incline through the gorge. On either side the red granite and gneiss walls sparkling with mica, peer forward to the height of 2,627 feet, over half a mile. The sky appears as a slender band, which is blue and clear, and the stars may be seen even at the noon time. As we slowly ascend the Royal Gorge becomes more narrow and as we proceed over a bridge built over the river at the narrowest passage for the railroad to pass, we hear the roaring waters of the river rushing onward towards the Rio Grande. Above us we see curiously curved and shaped rocks very close to our observation car. Fragments of vegetation which seem to have penetrated the very rocks, are also seen on both sides. The eye can see with difficulty the top of the mountains. On our left we observe the large water supply pipe that carries the pure mountain waters to Canon City, lying like an immense snake against the mountain side. To the left we observe the mountain highway built in the solid rock across the Gorge from the railroad. We note the hard-working convicts pegging away slowly, but steadily, at their work, making this a public thoroughfare for the comfort and use of sightseers. Here and there along the road as we pass out of the Gorge we see their tents and their station of supplies many miles away from the stone wall of the penitentiary.

At Texas Creek we left our special car and got back on our former observation car, but we kept on climbing higher and higher through

the canyon into the narrow valley of the upper Arkansas. As we pass Howard, a small railroad station, we saw clearly the snow-covered tops of the Sangre de Cristo mountains to the left.

The scenery just described was one of the great wonders of our trip. To those of us, who for the first time strayed away from the level plains of Illinois into this magnificent and mountainous country, the memories received and the wonders beheld will never be forgotten.

Illinois

By A. O. Eberhart

John Sundine came with our party
From Moline, from Moline.
He had grown up hale and hearty
In Moline, in Moline;
But he didn't have the wife
That he wanted all his life,
For he never knew of strife
In Moline, in Moline.

Five young maids, so sweet and nifty
At Salt Lake, at Salt Lake,
Shared his income, fifty-fifty,
At Salt Lake, at Salt Lake;
So he married them one day
In the Temple, by the way,
Ever since there's hell to pay
At Salt Lake, at Salt Lake.

Now they're all in chorus singing,
"Baby mine, baby mine,"
Through the park the echoes ringing,
"Baby mine, baby mine."
They all live in harmony,
Happiness, felicity,
And John sings eternally,
"Baby mine, baby mine."

Salt Lake City

By J. Sundine



We arrived in Salt Lake at 8:45 A. M., Tuesday, June 15, from Denver, after going through the beautiful Royal Gorge. The committee had provided "rubber-neck" wagons which were ready for us the moment we got off the train at Salt Lake.

In going through the business portion of the town, we were very much struck with the strange appearance of several things around us. Salt Lake City is situated at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, and the clear water from the neighboring hills is conducted down the sides of the principal streets in broad wooden troughs, which never serve, as do the gutters in our Eastern cities, as a repository for general waste, but are kept thoroughly clean by the citizens, who look to them for a daily supply of pure water. We saw a little boy lie flat down on the sidewalk, and, putting his mouth into the gutter, enjoy as pure and refreshing a draught as can be obtained anywhere in the world. This swiftly running water keeps the air cool and fresh, and tempers the summer's heat.

The city covers three thousand acres of land, between the mountains and the river, and is laid out in blocks of ten acres each. Each block is divided into lots of one acre and a quarter; this quantity of land being considered enough for an ordinary cottage and garden.

The temple block gives form to the whole city. From each side of it starts a street, a hundred feet in width, going out on the level plain, and in straight lines into space. Streets of the same width, and parallel to these, run north and south, east and west; each planted with locust and ailanthus trees, cooled by running streams of water from the hillside.

Main Street runs along the temple front; a street of offices, of residences, and of trade. Originally, it was meant for a street of the highest rank, and bore the name of East Temple Street; upon it stood, besides the temple itself, the council-house, the tithing-office, the dwellings of Young, Kimball, Wells, the three chief officers of the Mormon Church. Banks, stores, offices, hotels—all the conveniences of modern life—are in Main Street; trees have in many parts been cut down, for the sake of loading and unloading goods; the trim little gardens, full of peach trees and apple trees, bowering the adobe cottages in their midst, have given way to shop fronts and to hucksters' stalls.

The air is wonderfully pure and bright. Rain seldom falls in the valley, though storms occur in the mountains almost daily; a cloud com-

ing up in the western hills, rolling along the crests, and threatening the city with a deluge; but when breaking into wind and showers it seems to run along the hill-tops into the Wasatch chain and sail away eastward into the snowy range.

We saw painted over many stores a large eye, with the following motto: "Holiness to the Lord." This is the distinguishing mark of the Mormon merchants, and is assumed at the special command of President Smith, who endeavors to keep all the trade of the city in the hands of this "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." We saw old Brigham's residence. It consists of a very large and curious stone house connected with several wooden buildings, in which dwell the Prophet's wives; the left-hand one containing many odd looking, peaked windows, the whole surrounded by a high wall. There are three entrances. Over the left-hand gate is a large stone beehive—the emblem of the Mormons; over the middle and chief gate rests a great stone lion stretched at full length; while a stone eagle, with extended wings, surmounts the right-hand doorway.

Young's harem was a long, three-story frame building, including a stone basement. It had a spacious hall extending the entire length through the centre of each story, with rooms on either side for the occupants in their various employments. Its cost was about thirty thousand dollars, in addition to the free labor bestowed by command of the owner, "in the name of the Lord, and by the authority of the holy priesthood." Besides the private parlors and bedrooms for the wives and "other women," with the children, comprising the polygamous household, it had a spacious dining room, a school-room, two receiving parlors, a kitchen, weaving room, laundry, coachman's room, etc. It had also a private office for the prophet, connected with which was his "sanctum sanctorum," or celestial bed-room, which was to be entered by no one without his special permission. Most of the inmates had some sort of industrial pursuit—for "industry" was Young's motto—the various employments being cooking, washing, needlework, French and music teaching, poetry writing, taking care of the children, receiving company, and attending to the diversified commands of the host of the harem.

The marriage law was thus explained: A man who had a wife already, must first seek the prophet's advice before making proposals for another, and through him obtain a revelation in favor of his inten-



Reading from top, left to right—In a rubber neck wagon, Charles Nelson at the wheel. Another rubber neck wagon group. A couple of Salt Lake “kids.” In the brine at Salt Lake. The temple, one of the wives, Florence, in the foreground. Statue of Brigham Young. The “five wives.”

tion; next he must obtain the consent of the parents, and then consult the lady herself. The president, in his discretion, could overrule any objection raised by the first wife, and either divorce her or "damn" her for persistence in her opposition. All things being ready for the solemnity, the parties—i. e., the bridegroom and bride, with the legal wife—were arraigned before the president of the church.

The president then put this question to the wife: "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful wedded wife, for time and all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband." The right hands of the bridegroom and the bride being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking. The president then proceeds to ask the following questions of the man: "Do you, brother (calling him by name), take sister (calling the bride by name) by the right hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise on your part that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant—doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice?" The bride answers, "Yes." The president then says: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife, for time and all eternity; and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality, and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations; together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and say unto you, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity, in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, and enjoin your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the holy priesthood, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

In some cases they lived harmoniously and lovingly together; oftener, it would seem, they had separate parts of the same house, or even separate houses. The first wife was generally the recognized one of society, and frequently assumed contempt for the others, regarding them as concubines, and not wives. But it was a dreadful state of society to any one of fine feelings and true instincts; it robbed married life of all its sweet sentiment and companionship; and while it degraded

woman, it brutalized man, teaching him to despise and domineer over his wives, over all women. It bred jealousy, distrust, and tempted to infidelity; but the police system of the church and the community was so strict and constant, that it was claimed and believed the latter vice was very rare.

The manifold wives and children of the late prophet Brigham Young constituted his visible spiritual affluence. From the best data attainable, his actual wives in polygamy, the women who lived in his houses and in his harem, who were the recognized mothers of his children, were twelve in number, including his first or lawful wife. All but one of these bore children to him varying numerically from three to nine each and aggregating in number to about sixty, all of whom were well provided for in respect to educational accomplishments and in other ways.

Immediately after the auto ride and before dinner—an excellent one, by the way, served us in the best hotel in the city—we went to the Mormon Tabernacle, situated in the center of the city, not far from Brigham Young's house. On arriving at the grounds of the Tabernacle a guide—one of the custodians of the place—met us and conducted us about, giving us full information in regard to every point of interest. The Tabernacle is a very large building, oblong in shape, having a length of 250 feet from east to west, by 150 feet in width. The roof is supported by forty-six columns of cut sandstone, which, with the spaces between, used for doors, windows, etc., constitute the wall. From these pillars or walls the roof springs in one unbroken arch, forming the largest self-sustaining roof on the continent, with one notable exception—the Grand Central Depot in New York City. The ceiling of the roof is 65 feet above the floor. In one end of this egg-shaped building is the organ—the second in size in America. The Tabernacle is used for church purposes, as well as for other large gatherings of the people. With the gallery, which extends across both sides and one end of this immense building, it will seat 8,000 people.

We walked up on to the stage and sat down among the seats of the elders. These form a semicircle directly in front of the organ, while a large chair in the extreme foreground, covered with a coarse fur rug, is the throne of the Prophet, or "the President," as he is usually called. To stand on the stage and look across over the almost countless rows of benches gives one a very good idea of the wonderful size of the hall, and when every seat is filled with "the congregation of the faithful" the sight must be very impressive. The entire exterior of the gallery is adorned with texts and maxims derived from various sources, the sentiments being partly scriptural, partly political and partly simply practical. They are as follows, each one being in large capital letters:

OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.
 SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.
 WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR A PROPHET.
 KEEP YOUR ARMOR BRIGHT.
 GOD BLESS OUR TEACHERS.
 BE TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS.
 IF YE LOVE ME, DO MY WILL.
 HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
 WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?
 OUR OWN MOUNTAIN HOME.
 UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.
 HEIRS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.
 FEED MY LAMBS.
 DO WHAT IS RIGHT.
 OUR CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR.
 THE MOTHERS IN ISRAEL.
 UNION IS STRENGTH.
 KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.
 THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION.
 OUR MARTYRED PROPHET.
 GOD AND OUR RIGHT.
 ZION IS GROWING.
 IN GOD WE TRUST.
 OUR LIVING ORACLES.
 THE KINGDOM IS OURS.
 THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD.
 UTAH'S BEST-CROP, CHILDREN.
 BRIGHAM, OUR LEADER AND FRIEND.
 HAIL TO OUR CHIEFTAIN.
 PROVIDENCE IS OVER ALL.
 CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS.
 PRAISE THE LORD—HALLELUJAH!
 HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER.
 THE KINGDOM OF GOD OR NOTHING.
 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.
 THE PIONEERS OF 1847.

Having finished the perusal of this potpourri of precepts, we leave the Tabernacle and make our way across the ground to the Temple. The Mormon elders built this Temple from the tithes received from the people—for every Mormon is obliged to bestow a tenth part of his entire income upon the church. The dimensions of the Temple are, at the foundation, 99x186½ feet. The Mormons use the building for the performing of the rites and ceremonies peculiar to their religion, the Tabernacle being only a place for general worship and assembly. Only Mormons in good standing are allowed in the Temple, so there was only one member of the party allowed in the Temple.

During the serving of the excellent dinner in the excellent hotel, an announcement was made by our good manager, E. C. Westman, who had by this time been dubbed the "bell-cow," that we would board special cars for the great Salt Lake, to be followed by a swim in it. We arrived at the lake and discovered a very great curiosity. We found a lake about one hundred and thirty miles long and from seventy to eighty broad, and is, as near as may be, a vast collection of brine. Nearly the entire party procured bathing suits and had our first bath since leaving Chicago, if it could be called a bath. Swimming was fine, but diving was poor, as Mayor Carlson discovered when he dove head first into the salt solution. It took some time for him to recover. The less reckless found that we would sit in the water as in a chair. The only danger was in toppling over, when we encountered the risk of drowning heels over head. We had a lot of fun and added another member to the party, a year-old baby girl, who was taken care of in the Kansas car by the gentleman in compartment A and the colored porter. Then it was back to the train and supper, and we left Salt Lake at 8 p. m. for Yellowstone.

Sundine's Baby

(By the Five Wives)

Sundine's baby lies a-crying on the train,
 Sundine's baby lies a-crying on the train,
 Sundine's baby lies a-crying on the train,
 As he goes rambling on.

Glory, glory—what'll he do with it,
 Glory, glory—what'll he do with it,
 Glory, glory—what'll he do with it,
 As he goes rambling on.

Yellowstone Park

By Dr. and Mrs. John A. Christenson



AMERICA has its many beautiful and interesting places for the travelers to visit, and especially do the western states present many regions of wonderful sceneries and beauty, and, undoubtedly, the "first wonder of America" is Yellowstone National Park. This wonderful park is unique among the scenic regions of the world, because it contains the most wonderful of all natural phenomena known to scientists, "the geysers." There are hundreds of these geysers scattered through the whole park, and comprise the finest and best examples of eruptive hot springs in the world. It is impossible to give a true picture in words of the beauty and wonderful sights which are found in this park.

The first white man to enter this park was John Colter, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, who passed through the eastern part in 1807. Warren A. Ferris saw the geysers in 1834 and wrote the first published account of them. It may be of interest to know how the park received its name. It has been related that the Indians called the Yellowstone River Elk River, on account of the thousands of elk that roamed its banks. In 1807, during the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the river received its name, Yellowstone River. The Lewis and Clark Expedition were camping one night on the bank of the river, and on being short of meat one of the party named Stone volunteered to cross the river and kill an elk. On returning with his bounty across the river he was thrown into the water and landed on a pile of driftwood. From here his yelling could be heard by his comrades, who came and rescued him and named him Yelling Stone, and later named the river in his honor "Yelling Stone River." When this region was made a national park in 1872 the river and park was named Yellowstone, which is the oldest and largest natural park in the United States.

Our party having heard and read of this wonderful park, it was natural that the anticipation of visiting this park was looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure. It was undoubtedly because of this anticipation of seeing the "Wonders of the National Park" that awoke all the members of our party bright and early Wednesday morning, June 16th, as our train arrived at Yellowstone Station at 6:30 a. m., and in less than five minutes every member was off the train and everyone was straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the first bear, as we had been told that the park just swarmed with bears, but there were no bears to be seen. We were all taken to an "eating place," where we were treated

to an old-style country breakfast. After having finished our breakfast our drivers who were to take us through the park drove up in front of a little platform with their two-span of horses hitched to an old-fashioned coach, most of them seating twelve passengers. The drivers are called the savages. The party left in their respective coaches for their trip of a hundred and twenty-five miles through the park. The first trip of twenty-two miles was made along the Madison River, the only river where the grass grows under the water. The sceneries consisted of mountains and forests of pine trees and called the Christmas Tree Park. Arrived at Nez Perce about one o'clock, where lunch was served. Here is where our party had its first thrilling experience in seeing the real bears as they came down to feed from the crumbs that were left after our hungry party had finished their lunch. Owing to the fact that we were the first party to arrive at the camp during this season, the bears seemed a little timid at first, but after having sized up a few of our party—like Mr. John Sundine, the brave man with the five wives—they became very tame and entertaining and invited everybody to take their picture, which invitation was gladly accepted by all whose hands were steady enough to hold the camera. It has been reported that in this great excitement many of the cameras were turned upside down while the bears' photographs were taken.

Leaving Nez Perce after lunch, we continued our journey along the Firehole River, and now we were thrilled with wonder and admiration in viewing one geyser after the other. Some of the most interesting geysers seen during the afternoon trip was Fountain Geyser, Excelsior Geyser, Mammouth Paint Pots, Morning Glory Pool, Punch Bowl, River-side Geyser, "the only one that plays the tune over the river," and in our honor played as we were crossing the bridge over the Firehole River. Camped over night at Old Faithful, where we had our first experience sleeping in tents; also had the honor of being the first tourists occupying these tents during the season. In fact, we arrived before some of the tents were ready, and an excellent opportunity was given to many of our noted Chicago contractors to complete the sleeping tents, or at least put them in condition where they could be occupied for the night and avoid the danger of having our friends the bears walk in on us without knocking. But in spite of these little inconveniences, the Yellowstone Park menu and a drizzling rain, everybody was in high spirit and all formalities were cast aside, as this was the beginning of our four days



Reading down, left to right—Four queens of the Lutfisk bunch. One of the geysers. Our half-made tents at "Old Faithful." Views from Yellowstone. The whole "bunch" in Yellowstone. Mother bear and her two babies eating dinner. Old Faithful in action. A brave lady "Lutfisker" feeding a bear. Part of the bunch in front of a cabin at Grand Canyon Camp.

of real camp life. Our tents were located in front of the "Old Faithful Geyser," which is the most wonderful of all the geysers and is called the Old Faithful Geyser from the fact that it plays regular every sixty-five minutes. Many of our party visited the Old Faithful Inn, which is a very unique and beautiful hotel constructed of logs and having four immense fireplaces in the lobby with the logs burning, which made it look cozy and homelike. The curio shops were visited, of course, and many valuable souvenirs were purchased. Among the many signs placed in front of the tents, one large sign was noticed bearing the name of some Dr. John A. Christenson, who was located on "Lutfisk Blvd." Being one of the first doctors of the season, the old inhabitants of the Old Faithful, namely, the savages, the wranglers, barn dogs, the yard men, the heavers, the Queen of the Mulligan Dumps, who had not seen a doctor or tasted any pills for a whole year, kept him and his office boy, John E. Johnson, busy until the wee hours of the morning.

Notwithstanding the fact that a drizzling rain fell all evening, some of our more enthusiastic members built a campfire, around which they gathered, and this new feature made them very jovial and happy and many campfire stories were related and the air just vibrated with song and laughter. Those who remained within their tents soon caught the spirit and spent the evening telling stories and singing songs.

The next morning, June 17th, at five a. m. the cowbell was heard awaking our party from their slumbers, and at six o'clock breakfast was served. Just as we were finishing breakfast we had a happy surprise when we met four friends from Chicago, namely, Mrs. Evald, Mrs. Amel Carlson, Mrs. John A. Linn and Mrs. Sandberg, who were making the journey through the park and arrived at our camp just in time to see us leave. At seven a. m. we were ready to start for the day's journey, and when the rollcall was made we found one of our venerable members missing, namely, Mr. Aug. Floberg. Searching parties were sent out to look for him and at eight o'clock he was found many miles away exploring unheard of geysers. One of the new geysers explored was named "Flo-by," in honor of the discoverer, Mr. Floberg. Our journey during the morning was made along the Firehole River and Spring Creek. We also crossed the Continental Divide, passed Kepler Cascades, Upper Geyser Basin, Lone Star Geyser, Two Ocean Lake, Shoshone Point, Fishing Cone, U. S. Fish Hatchery. Arrived at West Thumb Station at noon, where dinner was served. At this point we camped near the beautiful Yellowstone Lake, which has an altitude of 7,741 feet. This is one of the most beautiful and noted lakes in the world. Just below our camp we had a novel experience in catching brook trout, which were so numerous in this brook that they could be picked up by the scores. The game warden, Mr. Henry Ericsson, had discovered that these brook

trout, while they were beautiful to look at, yet they could not be eaten, as they contained worms. This serious question as to whether or not they contained worms was taken up in the evening at a public discussion.

Our next stop was at Lake Station, where we arrived at five p. m. At this camp a pleasant evening was spent, in spite of the rain. An interesting and high-class program was rendered to a packed house in the large Lake Station Auditorium. The New York and Chicago express, carrying the star performers, having been held up by a company of bears on its journey through the park, caused a delay in beginning the program on scheduled time, and kept the audience in suspense for twenty-nine minutes. The "stars" were given a grand ovation on entering the Auditorium. The "Lutfisk Octave" captivated the audience and had to respond to a dozen encores. The speakers of the evening were men of worldwide reputation, namely, "Big Bill" (William Hale) Thompson, Mayor of Yellowstone Park, Game Warden Henry Ericsson, Mayor Carlson, the noted composer; Governor Eberhart, the renowned poet; Mr. Henschen, N. A. Nelson and Mr. Westman, the efficient managers of the campers, the noted Mormon with his five wives, and Mr. Lindsten and Charles Nelson, authority on fishology, and John E. Johnson, the noted advocate of woman's suffrage, and other stars. Many jokes had been played on one another during the journey, but at this camp the horses played the joke on the party by leaving for the next station during the night, where they awaited us upon our arrival and gave us the "horse laugh." It having rained all night, the wise horses evidently figured it would be easier to plow through the muddy roads alone than to pull the Lutfisk Special Company, but here again our most efficient Managing Committee showed their worthiness by importing other horses and thus our journey was continued without any delay.

On our trip to Grand Canyon, where we arrived at noon June 18th, we passed along the Yellowstone River and through the beautiful Hayden Valley, on which trip we had the unique experience in having it rain, hail, snow and sunshine at the same time. The afternoon and evening of June 18th was spent at the camps near the Grand Canyon, where we had an opportunity of visiting the most wonderful waterfalls in the world. (Description of the Grand Canyon has been assigned to one of our party, who is well qualified to describe the beauty and grandeur of the Grand Canyon.)

On the morning of June 19th we started on our last day's trip, passing Virginia Cascades, Norris Geyser Basin, where there were a number of interesting geysers, namely, Constant Geyser, which played every few minutes, Congress Pool, Minute Man, Bath Tub, Mud Geyser, the Black Growler, which was wonderful in its power. Arrived at Gibbon Station at noon, where we were met with smiles, sunshine, a glad hand and a



VIEWS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK. ALSO GROUPS OF, TO THE LEFT, THE SECRETARY, HIS WIFE AND SON STANLEY; TO THE RIGHT, THE TREASURER, HIS WIFE AND SON ROBERT

splendid camp dinner was served and enjoyed by all. At this point is where we had an opportunity to bid our friends the bears a last farewell, as several of them came down to the camp and posed for pictures. Our official photographer, Dr. Oldenburg, photographed the party. We arrived at Yellowstone Station at five p. m., dusty and dirty, but happy and smiling, realizing that we had just finished a most wonderful trip through one of the seven wonders of the world.

Bears in Yellowstone Park

Essay by Robert M. Henschen



N Yellowstone Park the bears are very tame. That is because Yellowstone is set aside to be a National Park where no shooting is allowed. When you come in with a gun you either have to leave it at the entrance or have a seal put on it.

We saw bears at every camp. Each camp has its own bears. The bears eat the garbage and all human food thrown out. Syrup tins are licked clean. Our driver was going to give a bear some bread, but he could not find any without mustard, so he gave him some of the bread. The bear took one bite, then bit him.

Deer in Yellowstone Park

Essay by Stanley Nelson



MONG all the wild animals which I saw in Yellowstone Park, I think the deer is the prettiest. I don't know much about deer, but I know they have a very sweet name, and I saw one one day in the park close by the road on which we were driving. It looked so nice and stately. It had a collar of brown with white spots. It was not afraid. It looked at us for a long time and then walked away.

I believe that the hunters and dogs scared the deer away from Illinois, and I wish the United States would protect them so that we might have some close by our big city. I know I would never shoot a deer because they look so good.

I also saw about 100 elks at a distance, and one close by the road, but I like the deer the best.

PROGRAM

Given at

Yellowstone Park, June 17, 7:30 P. M.

Chairman of the evening, Dr. John A. Christenson.

1. Song, "Lutfisk Oct"—Elsie Nelson, Mrs. Chas. L. Eckman, Mrs. Martin R. Carlson, Mrs. E. A. Prechel, Gov. A. O. Eberhart, C. E. Carson, John Sundine, Chas. W. Nelson.
2. Interesting speeches by members of Arrangement Committee—Henry S. Henschen, N. A. Nelson, Edward C. Westman.
3. Debate. Subject: "Has the Brook Trout Worms?"—C. W. Nelson, affirmative; E. J. Lindsten, negative; Henry Ericsson, judge.
4. Duet—Gov. A. O. Eberhart, Elsie Nelson.
5. Speech, "The Ladies"—C. E. Carson.
6. Song—By Sundine, and his many wives.
7. Oration—Mayor William Hale Thompson, impersonated by Edward A. Linn. Subject: "What I Will Do for the City."
8. Song—By Lutfisk Oct.
9. Oration—Henry Ericsson. Subject: "Are the Buildings in Yellowstone Park According to the Ordinance?"
10. Song—"Sundine and the Five Wives." Composed and sung by Gov. Eberhart.
11. Oration—John E. Johnson, Dekalb, Ill., future Senator of Illinois. Subject: "Suffragettes."
12. Song—"Alfalfa Hay." Composed by Mayor Martin Carlson, Moline, Ill.
13. Song—"Illinois." Audience.



Reading down from left to right—Loading for the first time in Yellowstone City; “bell-cow” Westman can be seen in the first seat inside of hack. Enroute through beautiful Yellowstone. A string of mountain trout caught by Byron, Esther and Katherine. Old Faithful Inn. Part of “Lutfisk” party being snapped alongside mountain hack. P. A. Peterson meeting an old friend. One of the bears.

Utah Valley

By Dr. W. A. Peterson



AFTER a very interesting and profitable sightseeing trip of four days through Yellowstone Park, we returned to our train and retraced our journey to Salt Lake City over the Oregon Short Line. We arrived early Sunday morning, June 20th, at Salt Lake City, where, after a brief stop and change of crew and engine, we continued our journey southwestward over the Don Pedro Road to the Pacific Coast. As we passed out of that beautiful city near Salt Lake we caught sight of the waters of the Great Salt Lake, and a short distance away we could see the roadbed of the Union Pacific lying as a black thread on the waters of the lake. As we moved on we observed that the grass was very green, the meadows were bright and the crops appeared splendid. Along the road we could see many farms that were well cultivated and stocked with fat, healthy-looking cattle, sheep and hogs feeding in the high valleys not many miles away from the city of Salt Lake.

However, we had not traveled a great distance until the picture was changed to that of an arid waste, which was sparse of vegetation. We are now in what is called the Utah Desert, where sagebrush, with a bunch of grass here and there and white glistening soil, that seemed to weary our eyes, appeared. The region is a broad valley with mountains on both sides. Here and there we noticed an oasis where plenty of water from the mountain streams made everything green and fertile. The shrewd prospector or early land seeker must have been close observers, because they picked out for farming every green place that seemed to be available for any sort of cultivated vegetation. These green spots seemed to become less and less as we got over into the great waste. Occasionally we would notice in the distance mountains smoke from some smelter, refining the metals dug from out of some of these rich mineral mountains. As we look back over the track we often observed a mirage of clear water and phantom trees which seemed almost to cool our sweltering bodies, which became warmer and warmer as the sun rose higher on the horizon and our train increased its speed on this hot June Sunday.

At a small and almost deserted station that we passed on our route

we would see here and there a small group of section men, Mexicans, who were lazily trying to work on the tracks. It seems none others than Mexicans work on the railroad through this barren section.

The scenery became rather monotonous and remained so during the entire day, because there was a sameness about the whole view that did not vary much, and yet the sight was somewhat imposing and interesting and worthy of careful study. It was not until early evening that we reached the thriving town of Caliente, Nevada, where there are plenty of trees and deep green verdure, and the productive appearing soil was seen. At this place we learned that we had been traveling so fast that we were obliged to set our watches back one whole hour.

This section of the country was a great contrast to the waste part of the desert and appeared fairly good, and we noted a vast improvement all the way to the city of Las Vegas, Nevada. The mountains seemed to be nearer and taller; the gullies, streams and rivers more numerous, breaking the monotony of the day in the Utah Desert. It was restful to our eyes to look out through the windows toward the setting sun away across the mountains as the shadows grew longer and more picturesque. We will not soon forget the beautiful bluish haze over the distant mountain side and the coloring rays of the setting sun as it shone through the thin clouds resting on the mountain sides. The bluish haze had a richness that must be seen—it cannot be described—blending with the red and yellow, making a sight most wonderful and majestic. While there was much to tire the traveler through the barren waste of the Utah Desert, there was much to see, and the image formed in our minds will be a lasting impression and grow more magnificent in our mental photographs. Such a day's journey both wearies and stimulates, and, therefore, we went early to bed for a good night's rest as our train moved rapidly onward toward the Golden West. When we woke Tuesday morning we had a change of scenery and a refreshing, balmy air from the Pacific Ocean that invigorated our body and refreshed our spirit, making us feel thankful that the earth, like its people, is so different in different places.



Reading down, left to right—Saying goodbye to Governor Eberhart at Minneapolis. Part of the bunch on the coast. Waiting for a “rubber-neck” wagon. Lutfiskers in the surf at Redondo beach. Our train with a bunch of good-looking ones. Part of our girls in the surf. Enroute. Scenic view. The canyon heroes. The five wives swimming in the sand. Yellowstone view. Lake Louise view.

Los Angeles

By John P. Friedlund



ON the 21st day of June, 1915, at 12:30 p. m., the party arrived at Los Angeles (City of the Angels). This is the largest city of southern California, and is situated about 480 miles southeast from San Francisco, on the Los Angeles River, and by annexation extends twenty miles from the mouth, at this time emptying into the ocean.

It was settled by the Spaniards in 1781, and until 1847 alternated with Monterey as the seat of the government for the then Mexican province of California. It was captured by the forces of the United States in 1846. At the close of the Mexican War this territory became a part of the United States, and the city was chartered in 1850. It attained railway connections in 1876, and subsequent to that time its growth has been very rapid. In 1880 the census showed a population of 11,183; in 1900, 102,479, and present estimates extend as high as 550,000. For the purpose of securing a water front and harbor, San Pedro, at the mouth of the river, and Wilmington were annexed, together with a strip of land between the original site and the coast. While this strip is in length about twenty miles, portions of the coast are somewhat nearer, and very attractive beaches and summer resorts have been established from that portion of the coast nearest the harbor at San Pedro.

There is said to be now twenty-four parks in the city, aggregating about 4,000 acres, of which six are of considerable size. There is included among them lakes for boating, fine drives, extensive views, a menagerie and, to an Easterner, many unusual choice trees and shrubs. Griffith Park, of 3,015 acres, said to be the second largest municipal park of this country, embraces a variety of most picturesque mountains, foothills and valley scenery.

The city obtains its fresh water supply through the Los Angeles Aqueduct, which brings the water supply to the city, a distance of over 250 miles, from the snowy-clad slopes of Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States.

The business section of Los Angeles is laid out regularly level, and the city enjoys the distinction of being a pioneer in the use of electric lights. It is one of the best lighted cities in the world. The residential portion has also well-lighted streets shaded with trees. In beauty and variety of foliage it is probably unsurpassed in America. The Spanish mission style of architecture is noted everywhere, and the bungalow type of homes is seen in perfection.

The climate results in a wonderful picture of plants, flowers and

trees, hedges of *seini trapii*. Houses covered with vines and flowers meet the eye, and delicious perfume from flowers meet the spectator. Giant bananas and palms and roses of a thousand varieties grow in wild profusion.

Its residential parts has detached homes built of pine, redwood and cement, set in ample and beautiful grounds. Towering eucalyptus, graceful pepper trees, tropic palms, rubber trees, Jacaranda with trumpet-shaped flowers, Bougainvillæa, giant bananas, yuccas, and a wonderful growth of roses, heliotrope, calla lilies in hedges, or orange trees, jasmine, giant geraniums and flowers beautify the city throughout the year. It is renowned for beauty and healthfulness of climate. Its broad avenues are arrayed in luxuriant foliage, orange groves and fruit gardens.

Its educational system includes the University of Southern California, the State Normal School, St. Vincent's College, Occidental College, several business colleges, private schools and the public school system.

The Polytechnic High School, of beautiful white granite and marble and occupying a block in extent, is probably unsurpassed.

The place has seven regular playgrounds, sixteen vacation or summer centers, and is surrounded by residential suburbs and amusement places, where a large number of the business men have their homes, and the beach resorts are extended from Santa Monica directly west to Los Angeles harbor on the south. Among these ocean amusement places may also be mentioned Ocean Park, Venice, Manhattan, Hermosa, Redondo Beach, Clifton-by-the-Sea, Long Beach, Terminal Island and Catalina Island.

One of the beaches has a \$100,000 bathhouse, and the long stretch of beach at Venice shows unsurpassed facilities for bathing. At some of the beaches most elaborate aggregations of palms, shrubbery, vines and flowers are to be seen and appreciated in winter as well as summer.

The party started out with enthusiasm on the afternoon of arrival, and took great pleasure in a sightseeing trip, covering the principal points of interest. They visited public buildings, parks and show places of the town, covering principal drives and boulevards. This included visits to the Chamber of Commerce, City Hall, Athletic Club, Angels' Flight, California Club, Central Park, West Lake Park, Willshire, Harvard and Hobart boulevards, bungalow districts, palm drives, St. James

Park, Exposition Park, where the party visited Science Museum, and many other places too numerous to mention.

On the next day the party went on a long trolley trip to the beach resorts, including Hollywood, of the Cahuenga Valley, said to be the prettiest suburb, among a wealth of orange, lemon, fig and walnut groves, the National Soldiers' Home of 3,000 war veterans, a 700-acre park, Brentwood Park, and the Palisades, overlooking the sea; Santa Monica, a beautiful residence place, on the ocean; Plaza-Del Rey, with its lagoon for still boating and bathing; Redondo Beach, with its hot salt plunge bathhouse; Moonstone Beach, with its Jasper, Sardonyx, water-opals, agates and moonstones, and the Venice of America, the

great pleasure resort of the Pacific Coast. At Redonño Beach many of the party enjoyed a swim in the ocean and a plunge in one of the largest hot salt plunge bathhouses in the world. Here Otto Price and Charles W. Nelson won fame for their spectacular diving, after which the party enjoyed a fine fish dinner, and the entire trip furnished a fine panorama of views, beaches and amusements, which will long remain in the memory of all the members of the party. Various members visited Pasadena, orange groves, ostrich farms and show places surrounding the city, and every person came away from the city at about 6 o'clock the second day with pleasant and beautiful memories of the metropolis of southern California.

Lutfisk Song

(By the Five Wives)

All of we Swedes went out to camp
And Nelson fixed our quarters,
And there we saw the merry men
As waiters and as porters.

Chorus

E. C. Westman keep it up,
P. A. Peterson handy,
Lanquist with the tools is there
And Henschen is a dandy.

The Mormons lived down in Salt Lake,
About them John is crazy;
He married four or five of us,
And now he's very lazy.

Chorus

This sure is a jolly crowd,
With Eberhart as our spokesman;
He is our next new senator,
From dear old Minne-so-ta.

Beautiful Pomona

By Mrs. Edward C. Westman



OUR party reached Pomona the morning of June the twenty-first. This beautiful city, which has been called the Goddess of Fruits, is situated thirty miles from Los Angeles, and thirty-five miles from the ocean. Just out of the fog belt, but close enough to get the cool sea breeze in summer, the nights are always cool.

Among the principal industries in Pomona valley are the growing of oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, and apricots. Alfalfa yields five to eight crops yearly. The average number of carloads of oranges shipped out of Pomona valley is about 4,500 cars a year; lemons, 750 cars. There are twenty-three fruit-packing houses in the valley and a large cannery with an annual output of over 1,300,000 cans of fruit, employing in season about 400 hands. Also a million dollar beet sugar factory which converts each season about 80,000 tons of beets into sugar.

It is said that Pomona valley is the greatest orange-producing dis-

trict in the United States, and our party were all very anxious to see these groves.

The Commercial Club, through our genial friend and former neighbor, Dr. C. W. Johnson, had planned a most interesting automobile trip for us on our arrival, which took us through the city and parks of which they have six, and then through the famous orange groves. Our trip culminated in a most delightful reception in the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson; their beautiful and spacious home is surrounded by one of the finest orange groves in southern California, consisting of 200 acres. Here we spent a most enjoyable time with our host and hostess, who were assisted by some of the charming ladies from Pomona.

It was with regret that we left this garden spot of the coast, but time was limited, so we were soon speeding to our next place of interest which was Los Angeles.



MEMBERS OF THE PARTY IN FRONT OF THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF DR. AND MRS. C. W. JOHNSON, AT POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

Sweden at the Exposition

By R. Bernstrom, Commissioner General of Sweden



THE invitation extended to Sweden to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition offered not only an occasion for a fitting compliment to the great North American Republic upon the successful achievement of one of the most stupendous tasks ever attempted, but also permitted Sweden to endeavor to prove to the world, and especially to the United States, that it is worthy and well able to take its place amongst the nations of the world.

The Royal Swedish Exposition Commission has therefore had in mind that the Swedish exhibit in San Francisco 1915 should be true to the traditions and resources of the country, necessarily limited in scope, but dignified and comprising exhibits of real merit only.

The Swedish Building at the Exposition and its contents, as well as the Swedish art collection housed in the Fine Arts Palace, are the results of an earnest endeavor to carry out this program. A visitor to the Swedish Building will have opportunity to convince himself that Sweden has, through its great men, contributed to the advancement of mankind in a considerable measure; that Sweden of today is an independent and progressive country, and that the state finances are sound;

that the individual prosperity is increasing generally and steadily, as well as in a satisfactory ratio; that modern laws have been and are being enacted for the protection of labor and public health; that the government successfully operates the principal railroads, telegraph and telephone systems, water-power stations, etc.; that the natural resources of the country are enormous; that private enterprise covers a wide field of activity, and is successful also in international competition; that love of the beautiful in shape and color permeates the people and finds expression in a domestic art of rare quality; that Sweden itself is a beautiful country, well worth the visit of the traveler.

This last impression is intensified upon a visit to the Swedish art collection. Painters, etchers and sculptors have joined hands to give color and life to Swedish character and nature by their art, which in a remarkable degree deserves the name of national.

This is, in short, what Sweden wishes the world to know and appreciate, and the fact that Sweden has had the pleasure of welcoming numerous visitors to its exhibit at San Francisco gives good reason to hope that the participation of Sweden in the Exposition will answer its purpose in no small measure.

Program of the Swedish Day

At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Band Concourse, Thursday, June 24th, 1915, at 12 o'clock



HIS was one of the big events of the trip, and as we listened to the excellent speeches made by three members of our party—former Governor A. O. Eberhart, of Minnesota; Henry S. Henschen, of Chicago, and Mayor M. R. Carlson, of Moline—it made us feel that we had some people in our party who were able to take part on the program. It might be said in this connection that these three speeches were as good as any made during the day.

It did the hearts of all the excursionists good to see P. A. Peterson, of Rockford, in the parade in the morning, with his light trousers and black silk coat. All that was missing was a black silk hat.

The brilliant social event in Frisco was the reception and ball given Thursday evening, the 24th of June, commencing at 9 o'clock, in the California Building on the Exposition grounds. It was given by the

Swedish-American World's Fair Committee and the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the purpose of it was to meet the representative of Sweden, Governor George Carlson, of Colorado, and ex-Governor A. O. Eberhart, of Minnesota. It was regretted that Governor Carlson was not present, but we met a lot of other good fellows to take his place. The reception and ball will long be remembered as one of the greatest Swedish social events in the history of the exposition.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Herman Verdi, secretary of the Swedish Building, will remember his kindly handclasp and the many courtesies that he extended to the members of the party from Chicago.

The attached is an excellent photograph of the beautiful Swedish Building at the Exposition.



OUR SPEECHMAKERS

Who Helped Materially in the Program on Swedish Day at the Exposition, and
on Other Festive Occasions During Our Stay in San Francisco and Elsewhere.

A Glimpse of Chinatown in San Francisco

By Mrs. Otto Price.



It has been allotted to me to write for this publication a few lines about Chinatown in San Francisco, and although I can in no way sympathize with "the sons of the Celestial Empire," or "our almond-eyed brothers," as the Chinese are called, I will try to fulfill the duty thus assigned. Owing to the limited space I have at my disposal, I will be able only to present a glimpse of this part of the beautiful city at the Golden Gate.

First I wish to state that during the last few years Chinatown has changed appearance almost completely, and that it has, as far as moral conditions are concerned, made rapid strides forward.

Up to a few years ago no white individual dared to even in daylight, much less at night, enter the Chinatown without police escort. The Chinese living here would steal from, rob or murder any white person who had the courage to show himself within their territory. In bygone days more than one countryman of ours paid with his life for the doubtful pleasures of "seeing the Chinatown."

Nowadays, however, you can stroll alone in Chinatown with fully as much safety as in any other part of San Francisco. The Chinamen here could not in the long run withstand the American civilization surrounding them, and the result is that Chinatown now has its own ordinances, a police force of its own, and courts.

Formerly it was almost impossible to get a Chinese criminal in San Francisco convicted. He was, so to say, beyond the reach of the arm of law. If a Chinaman happened to find himself before a court in order to be tried for a felony, he was almost invariably able to, with scores of his own countrymen as witnesses, prove his innocence. A Chinaman would never plead guilty, and his friends would without hesitation commit perjury in order to get him out of the clutches of the law.

Now everything in Chinatown has changed—and this is, indeed, as much as we can ask for.

* * *

A few years ago I paid a visit to the Chinese quarter in New York. Twelve o'clock midnight was considered to be the most appropriate time for the visit. Accompanied by a guide and a few friends, we left our hotel and proceeded in automobile to the part of the city just referred to. In a cheerful mood I entered New York's Chinatown. Had I anticipated the sights I was to behold I am pretty certain that my feelings would have been somewhat different and that we would, as a matter of precaution, have increased our escort with a few police officers.

Our first object was to view the Chinese joss-house, which was located in the topstory of a building. As the Chinamen have a dislike for elevators, no such means of transportation was to be found here, and we had to climb a great number of narrow, dangerous stairs until we finally reached the Temple itself. I shall not even attempt to describe the in-

terior of this pagan place of worship. Be it sufficient to say that it was overstocked with hideous looking idols and other equally interesting paraphernalia necessary for the Chinese cult.

Next we were to find out how a Chinaman lives and how his home is appointed. Preceded by Chinamen, who took us through a number of long, dark corridors, we commenced this part of our exploration trip. We passed through a number of doors, all of which were locked behind us by the Chinamen, who thereupon put the keys into their deep, spacious pockets.

We moved as silently as the priests in ancient Egypt. No one dared to utter a word, although our gentlemen companions were armed and no doubt courageous men. Finally we reached our goal, a Chinese home, which, however, consisted of but one room. To our great astonishment, we here found a white woman, who was said to be the wife of the owner of the home. She had by sickness been confined to her bed for the last two years and was utterly emaciated, with a hue resembling the color of parchment. Nevertheless, her thin lips embraced the opium pipe with such a fervor as if she expected that the contents of the pipe would cure her from her malady. And yet her sickness was no doubt caused by long continued indulgence in this body—and soul—destroying narcotic. It was a repulsive sight, and I left the place very much depressed.

From there we went to a place said to be a Chinese dance hall. Upon the floor a multitude of white and black people whirled around, but "the yellow peril" was nowhere to be seen among those dancing.

I felt ill at ease and heartily tired of what I had seen. It was with gladness I commenced the return trip. When I turned my back to all this Chinese wretchedness I made a resolution never again to set my foot within a Chinatown.

* * *

When during our exceedingly pleasant trip to California it was assigned to me to write a few lines about Chinatown in San Francisco, I had to break my resolution. During our stay at the Panama-Pacific Exposition we visited the Chinatown in that city. We were a company of thirty, who at the haunted hour entered the "Chinese city." How pleasantly surprised we were to find how different the town is today from what it, according to description, used to be up to a few years ago. Chinatown nowadays consists of large, beautiful buildings in which magnificent and elegant stores of various kinds are found. The stores were thronged with thousands of tourists making liberal purchases of Chinese wares of different kinds.

Here we heard a number of Chinese play violins tolerably well, also small Chinese children sing American songs in a commendable manner.

In conclusion I wish to mention that in Chinatown lives a charming Chinese widow, who is said to be the owner of not less than seventy million dollars!



Reading down, left to right—Some of our people snapped on the exposition grounds. Illinois building. Part of California building. Three of the "wives" on a windy day at the exposition. The governor wearing his silk hat. "Lutfiskers" in an electric. The beautiful Swedish building at the exposition. Mr. and Mrs. G. Albin Nilson taking it easy at the fair. The wonderful night illumination. Part of the audience at the Swedish exercises at the fair. Another view of part of the California building. Part of the Swedish parade on midsummer day on the streets of San Francisco.



OUR TRAIN STOPPING FOR A FEW MINUTES AT BEAUTIFUL SHASTA SPRINGS.

Visit at Medford

By N. A. Nelson

ONE of the pleasant incidents on our journey West was a reception and auto ride arranged for us by the Westerlund Bros. through the Commercial Association at Medford, Oregon. Medford is well known among us, principally on account of the success which our friends and hosts have met with in connection with their large orchard holdings.

In a conversation with Mr. William Westerlund, he stated that he first visited the town in 1893, and at that time there were only a few frame buildings and no improvements of any kind, with a population of only 1,500. Today Medford is a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, with many large modern buildings and beautiful homes. Mr. John A. Westerlund lives in the city of Medford, where he also owns an up-to-date hotel.

The main interest of the Westerlunds in this section of the country, however, is in their large orchards, containing approximately 1,600 acres in one body. I am informed that the first trees were planted in 1905, and a picture of the place contained in this book tells very effectively how a portion of it looks today.

Our party was taken in autos through the city and through the orchard, and we must admit that much of what we saw was of great interest and reflects much credit on the able management of the Westerlund brothers. Our journey through the vast orchard in the valley was also very pleasing, and the sights will live long in our memory.

After the auto ride the party was invited by Mr. Westerlund to the Holland Hotel for refreshments. A short program was rendered. Mr. Westerlund greeted us all with a hearty welcome.

The President of the Commercial Association spoke. Responses were made by several members of the Club, after which the members returned to the "Lut-fisk" special. Here we were all pleasantly surprised to find that the ladies of Medford had decorated the observation car with

roses, and also placed in the car a large quantity of choice cherries which were a revelation of size and lusciousness to us all. We shall long and gratefully remember our pleasant visit at Medford and the hospitality of our old friends.



PART OF THE 1,600-ACRE FRUIT FARM OF THE WESTERLUNDS, WITH THE LUTFISKERS IN AUTOMOBILES IN THE FOREGROUND.

At Portland, Oregon



WE arrived in Portland, Oregon, the city of roses, on a Sunday morning at 7:30, and were met by private automobiles furnished by the Commercial Association of the city. We had a beautiful ride, and easily appreciated why everyone who visits Portland goes away with a lasting impression of that fair city. The following is a copy of a letter to N. A. Nelson from Hon. David E. Lofgren, state representative, who was the chairman of the Entertainment Committee for Portland:

Portland, Ore., July 21st, 1915.

Mr. N. A. Nelson,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friend--Your kind favor of the 14th at hand. Thanks. We sincerely regret that you did not have at least a day in Portland when you passed through. There were many things of interest that might have occupied your time here. We hope, however, when you come again,

either in parties or individually, that you will give us the pleasure of a longer stay. There is a bond of kinship between the Swedish-Americans from the whole United States, and we feel that a visit and a chance to get acquainted will strengthen the bond and assist in promoting our best interest.

It may be of interest to you to know that, with one or two exceptions, machines furnished belonged to Swedish-Americans.

It was our plan to make the trip a little shorter and assemble in the park at a point of vantage for half an hour or so, and give all the parties from Portland a chance to get acquainted. This was frustrated by an error of the first machine. However, we enjoyed the visit you made, and when we come to your city we shall be glad to call on you.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID E. LOFGREN.

In Seattle

By Henry S. Henschen



OUR reception in Seattle was even more cordial and hospitable than we had expected from a city, famed for its hospitality and beautiful scenery. When our special train arrived at Tacoma, at 2 p. m., a committee from Seattle, consisting of Consul Andrew Chilberg, and Messrs. C. J. Erickson, Carl J. Smith, Hugo Carlson and B. G. Lovegren, boarded our train to greet and welcome our members. At 4 o'clock we reached Seattle and found the large square in front of the Great Northern Station filled with automobiles decorated with American and Swedish flags in our honor. Those of us who had previously visited Seattle found its many parks and boulevards even more beautiful than on former visits, while to those viewing Seattle for the first time, the mingled effect of boulevards, lakes and parks was entrancing.

At 7 o'clock we were entertained at the New Hotel Washington with a banquet at which, in addition to our party, about one hundred guests were present. The toastmaster of the evening was Mr. C. J.

Erickson. Back of the speakers' table two large American and Swedish flags, done in electric lights, ornamented the wall. The dinner itself and the floral decorations were remarkable for good taste and quality. The first speaker was Mr. J. E. Chilberg, vice president of the Scandinavian American Bank, and president of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition who, after bidding us welcome to Seattle, regretted the fact that our stay took place on a Sunday, intimating that he and his associates had intended to profit largely financially by an opportunity to sell mining stocks and other securities to the guests from Chicago. Other toasts were responded to by Mayor Martin R. Carlson, of Moline, Governor Eberhart, and Henry S. Henschen.

Altogether, the kindness and hospitality shown us by our friends in Seattle will never be forgotten.

The following morning at 9 o'clock our party boarded the steamer for Vancouver, a number of our Seattle friends accompanying us to the dock.

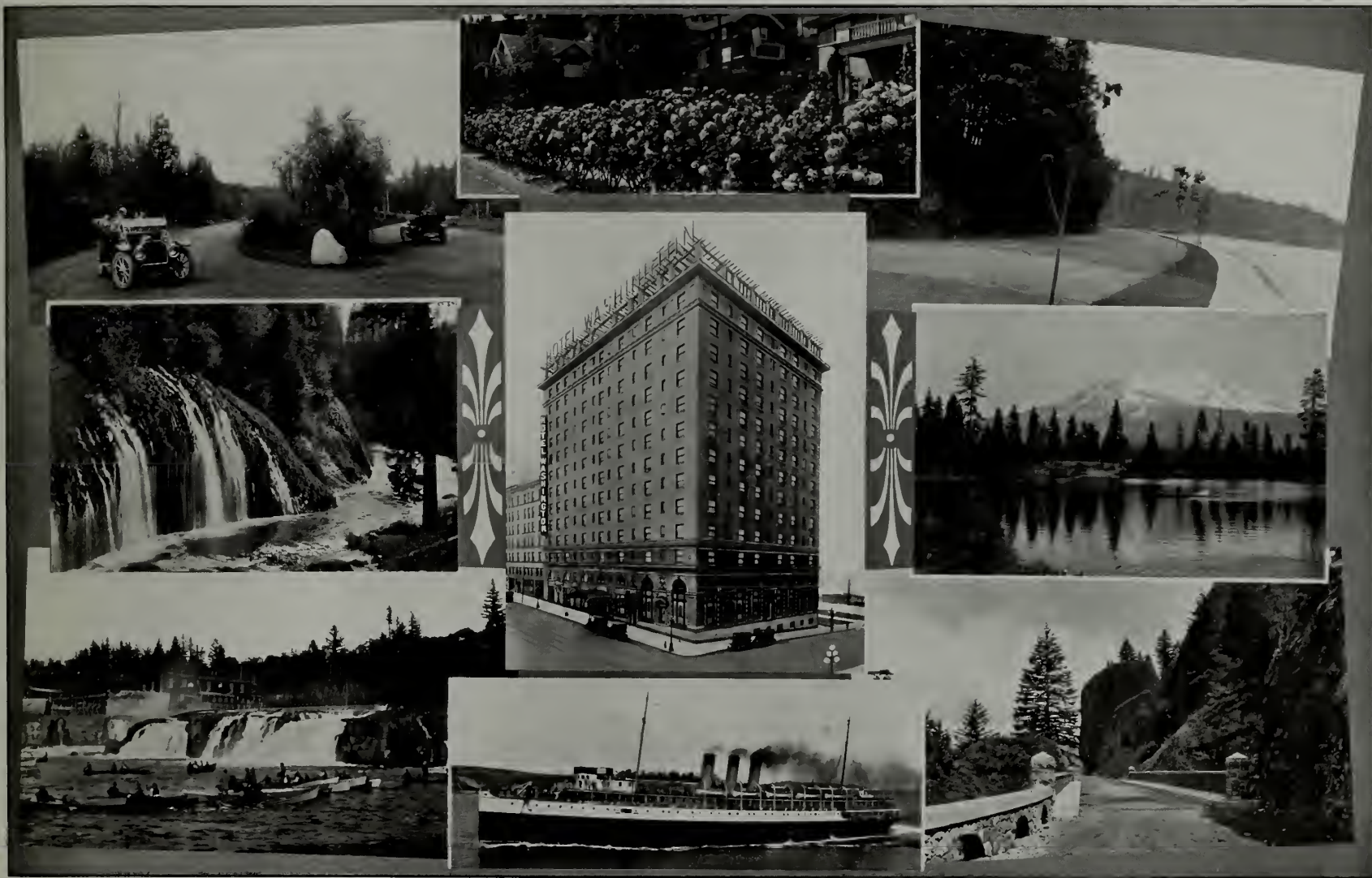


MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH-AMERICAN CALIFOR



*Swedish-American Club.
at Pomona, California June 21, 1915.*

CLUB AT POMONA, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 21, 1915.



VIEWS FROM PORTLAND AND SEATTLE.

From Seattle to Vancouver

By Mayor Carlson, of Moline



FTER enjoying a most delightful visit with the citizens of Seattle, we departed from this picturesque city at nine o'clock in the morning, embarking the steamer, Princess Victoria, sailing up Puget Sound, bound for Victoria and Vancouver.

Just after leaving the port at Seattle, we observed the intake lock which is being constructed by the city of Seattle, to connect the salt water of Puget Sound with the fresh water of Lake Washington. This lock is being built that the large boats and steamers coming into the harbor at Seattle may be anchored in fresh water, as the barnacles which adhere to the bottom of the boats in great clusters, while sailing in the salt waters, seem to leave the boat while in the fresh water.

The boat trip up the Sound was a very pleasing and restful change from the rumbling and roaring noise of our swiftly moving train, upon which we had traveled for several thousands of miles. For four hours we sailed along upon the smooth and peaceful waters and from all appearances none in the party, with the exception of possibly one or two, experienced any of the unpleasant indications of seasickness, in fact, the trip had such a soothing effect, that a number of our fellow-travelers dropped off in peaceful slumbers. Mr. P. A. Peterson decided that this was an ideal opportunity to have his hair cut, and after having visited the barber shop sallied forth having the youthful appearance of a young man of twenty-three, in a most up-to-date English style of hair cut.

The trip from Seattle to Victoria by boat is an ever changing picture and the scenery everywhere is full of fascination, the quiet beauty and grandeur of the snow-capped Olympics being constantly within our sight off in the distance.

The city of Victoria, the Capital of British Columbia, having a population of 67,000, is charmingly situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific and the Gulf of Georgia in the far East. Mount Baker looms up in the background and dominates the scenery. The climate in Victoria is delightful, the temperature being about the same as that of southern England. Snow is seldom seen, with the exception of a slight flurry occasionally. Victoria is a delightful city and noted for its magnificent government buildings, which range among the finest in America. It has many fine public and private buildings, including the Canadian-Pacific Railways, Palatial Empress, one of the finest hotelries on the Pacific coast. Vic-

toria was a port of the Hudson Bay Company until 1858 and became a city in 1862. According to the census in 1886, the population at that time was 14,000, including the resident Chinese and Indians. We enjoyed a sight-seeing tour around the city, some taking tallyhos and others going by automobile. On the summit of Beacon Hill is Beacon Hill Park, offering a magnificent view of the peaceful waters and the grandeur of the mountains surrounding the city on every side. The city has an extensive trade and many of the commercial houses do a very large outfitting trade for the Yukon. Of the population in Victoria, about 12,000 are Chinese, who operate their own business sections, and their modes of living are the same as in their native country. Our visit to this part of the city was very interesting and instructive. The Chinese inhabitants of Vancouver are studious and eager to develop along educational lines, night schools having been established in the Districts, which are well attended, where they are taught the English language and instructed along other general lines.

One of the historic land-marks is Lord Dunsmore's Castle. Lord Dunsmore conceived the brilliant idea of dividing his estate into tracts, which were sold for building purposes, each tract being of equal size and sold at the same price, including the tract upon which the castle stands, each purchaser drawing for his tract, the buyer who was fortunate enough to draw the lucky number receiving the castle. This incident is related for the benefit of those in our party who may wish to dispose of their estates and castles in the same generous manner as Lord Dunsmore.

The feeling of loyalty and patriotism to their country is very evident in Victoria and the city has already sent three battalions to assist the English in their cause in the European war. It is said that at the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, the feeling of enmity and prejudice was so bitter against the Germans residing in Victoria, that the Canadian and English of the city ransacked the stores and business houses owned by the Germans and carried their merchandise into the streets, offering it to people as a gift as they passed by, and otherwise distributed and disposed of their property and goods, as well as driving most of the Germans out of the city.

The fire department is partly motorized, showing a progressive spirit and up-to-date methods of fire fighting.

Victoria has the distinction of contracting for the largest asphalt

job in the world, that of 82 miles, in a single job. This improvement developed the city and it has grown very rapidly, and they now have a stretch of 96 miles of paving in the city.

The population is made up largely of inhabitants who are retired from active business affairs. The occupation of the residents is chiefly fruit-buying and selling and fishing.

The Pines

By Mrs. P. A. Peterson, of Rockford



WHEN a party of one hundred genial, happy folks start out on a journey to see the West and the Frisco Fair in three weeks, it gives no one very much time to go into detail on any one subject, and in contributing something which might be of interest for the souvenir booklet of the trip, the Guardians of the forest appealed to me, and it is my privilege and pleasure to write a few words about "The Pines."

We did not diverge from the beaten path, and examine closely the nature of the pines, but in places they grew almost as thickly as they could stand, springing up over myriads of fallen trunks (doubtless the victims of fire and storm), and thus, age succeeds age; not always distinct, but often overlapping the face of nature.

The various action of trees, rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, as could be seen, especially in the Firehole, Gobbon and Madison rivers, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacial winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down to drink at sweetest streams, climbing, hand in hand, the difficult slopes, and gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges, thus did the writer see the pines which are of little value, except for fuel and charcoal.

The Redwood, which we saw on exhibition, is a native of the Yosemite of California, and is a cross between the cedar and yellow pine, bearing the characteristics of both. These sentinels of the forest have weathered the snows and gales of many years; many centuries in fact, and grow to be immense in size.

Among the pines of the great Northwest, are the scrub pines, Jack pine, silver spruce, tamarack, hemlock, Norway, white and yellow pine, and the Douglas and Balsam fir.

After leaving Victoria we again boarded our steamer, the Princess Victoria, and steamed along leaving the city in the distance, carrying with us the pleasant memories of the delightful hours which we spent there and reached the city of Vancouver at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

About Oregon City, spruce grows abundantly, and is used largely in the manufacture of paper.

In the Natural Forest of Stanley Park we could see the pines that may well be termed tree pillars. The guide called them cathedral trees; those forest giants that arch overhead with such superb loftiness. There is no fresco that can rival the delicacy of the lace-work they have festooned between you and the far sky. They are the acme of Natures' architecture. She will never originate a more faultless design—never erect a more perfect edifice. The divinely molded pine and the man-made cathedral, have but one characteristic in common, and that is the atmosphere of holiness. Some of us may never again pass through Stanley Park, but we will always remember that ride at sunset, among those giants of the forest with awe and reverence.

Canada is the richest country in the world in wood resources, her forest area comprising about 840,000 square miles. White pine is classed as one of the most important pines of the Northwest on account of its usefulness to man as a building material. This is the heritage which the centuries of forest life have bequeathed. Even as legal owners, we are, nevertheless, but trustees of that which was here before the coming of our race, and which should be here when our trails have led beyond the range.

Let us uphold every effort to save the forest of pine from destruction by fire and waste. Let us see to it that the untillable hills shall ever bear the matchless pine—the emerald setting of those great snow peaks, and when our good chieftain, N. A. Nelson, plans another trip westward, let us hope he will allow us the privilege of getting better acquainted with those guardians of the forest—"The Pines."



VIEWS IN VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA.

From Vancouver to Lake Louise

By Mrs. John Ericson



UR welcome in Seattle, Washington, Sunday, June 27th, is one never to be forgotten. The following morning, all in good spirits, left on the SS. Princess Victoria, this beautiful city, seated on her stately hill, for Victoria, the seat of government and center of provincial society of British Columbia, waving a farewell to our treasurer, Mr. Henschen, who was to spend the day in Seattle and meet us in Vancouver the following morning, and to the kind friends, who had showered us with true western hospitality. As our steamer plowed down Puget Sound, the most beautiful salt water estuary, with its wonderful islands, one was strongly impressed with the similarity of surroundings to that of our own attractive "Skär gården" in the vicinity of Stockholm, Sweden.

It was indeed a feast for hungry eyes—the splendid peaks of the distant unexplored Olympian range, the shores clothed with forests of cedar, fir and pine and indented with innumerable harbors, bays, inlets and coves, making it a veritable labyrinth.

After drinking in the wondrous beauty of Nature, during the morning, we arrived at Victoria where we were given an opportunity for the short space of two hours to see what the city had to offer to pilgrims and strangers, and which proved somewhat different from most of the previous cities and places visited. Victoria, with its stately government buildings, broad tree-shaded streets and endless rows of beam and plaster villas and a most beautiful park, seemed like a bit of England transplanted and, in fact, is as English as Vancouver is American.

Its people, we were told, spend much of their time on the cricket fields, golf links and tennis courts, which accounts, no doubt, in business, why Vancouver has swept by Victoria as an automobile sweeps by a horse and buggy.

The gloom of the European war seemed to have penetrated and enveloped the city, so sad and depressed did its people seem, and no wonder, when we were informed that a great proportion of the young men had gone to the front.

We did not realize until then that we had left "the land of the free and the home of the brave" and were reminded that we were in a foreign land and under the dominion of King George.

After motoring through the city for an hour, at the rapid pace of about five miles an hour, we visited the Empress Hotel, where we enjoyed tea served in a typical English atmosphere. Leaving Victoria at

three o'clock in the afternoon we again had the opportunity of continuing our interesting trip on the Puget Sound, now heading for Vancouver. As one stood in the bow of the steamer, one marveled at the deep and narrow inlets, so hemmed in by vertical precipices of rock, that one would have to go to the fjords of Norway to find their equal—so wonderful did the entrance to the harbor in Vancouver seem which was reached at seven-thirty in the evening. After landing and all comfortably seated in automobiles we indulged in our favorite pastime, that of sight-seeing, and the ride in Stanley Park in the glow of twilight, through the dunes, surrounded by the dense foliage, emitting a moist woody fragrance, is one that will not soon be forgotten.

Stopping at a point of interest we were given the privilege of hearing a guide give us some information regarding the harbor and the water power of Vancouver. Surrounded by the majestic towering mountains, that appeared like sentinels guarding the entrance to the harbor we witnessed one of the most beautiful sunsets one would wish to see.

It was nine o'clock when we finished our drive and still darkness had not spread over the city and most of our party thinking it too early, and not especially interesting to retire to our compartment train, amused themselves in various and divers ways, such as visiting photo-play theaters, restaurants or the beach attractions. Every now and then one would come across a Highland regiment drilling, and it seemed a sad but evident fact that the majority of young women were either promenading with old men or young boys, as the flower of manhood had gone to war.

It was the witching hour before most of our party had sought their beds, and the following morning we said farewell to Vancouver and commenced our homeward journey, feeling a trifle regretful that our pleasure trip would soon be a thing of memories only.

The approach to the Rockies is one that is apt not to be forgotten, so wonderful is the vista of mountain peaks that loom gradually up in the sky and dominate the scene and still turn one's thoughts to things eternal and imbue one with the atmosphere of another world.

They seem to run the gamut of the more sober colors, green at the base, then the dark green of the fir, higher up the rusty brown of underbrush, the blue and purple tints of the naked rock and, atop of all, a crown of white dazzling glory.

In our kaleidoscopic memories, we will always remember Mt. Baker,

rising 14,000 feet above the railway level; North Bend, with its picturesque Fraser Canyon; Sicamous, with its mining and agricultural districts, and as we traveled along through verdant valleys, Albert Canyon, with its perpendicular walls, was a striking point of interest that did not fail to make an impression.

As we reached the Illecillewaet river Ross Peak looms up, about which it is said numerous silver mines are situated, and one is afforded a most magnificent view of the summits of the Selkirks with Sir Donald as the highest culminating point.

Swinging around the side of a huge horseshoe brought us up to the station at Glacier, which, with the hotel is situated almost immediately in its center with the glacier—near and clear and more brilliant than any we had seen.

Here the hotel is right at the station and during our short stop of about half an hour we absorbed as much, as we possibly could of the splendid scenery and had a few moments to buy the ever attractive postal cards which prove such a fascination to travelers.

Leaving Glacier one is apt to think the universe has melted when riding along the Kicking Horse canyon and no words could describe that scene more actually than its extremely suitable name does. It is a veritable runaway as well as a kicking horse, plunging, foaming, tearing and roaring, filled to overflowing, and continually re-enforced by thousands of torrents fed by the melting snows and receding glaciers, far up in the mountains.

The noise of the river is tremendous and as we crossed the river again and again, clinging to this side, then to that, then back again, swaying and rushing through the canyon, then through dark vista destroying snow sheds, we too seemed filled with the spirit of the waters.

After we passed Field we entered a corkscrew tunnel, under Wapta mountain, making an elliptical curve, crossing above and then below, Kicking Horse river again, foaming and tossing. Here we had the opportunity of witnessing the sublime sight of Mt. Stephen, most massive of all the Rockies, Mt. Field, Mt. Ogden and Cathedral mountain, all lifting their snowy peaks and their ice filled crevices, to the blue of the sky, marvelous beyond words, and between and around them a dozen valleys, some barren, some filled with pines or rocks, or the eternal cold of never melting snows.

Soon we came to Hector and between Field and Hector we were

almost afraid to snatch a second from our watching, lest we should miss something of the wonders of the view.

Here is one of the greatest engineering feats of the century, for in order to reduce the grade, the road has been made twice as long, as it need be, had it been possible to follow a bee-line from place to place, for here are the famous spiral tunnels.

Six miles from Laggan we reached the summit of the Rockies and the place where by one of those curious freaks of Nature the waters of a little stream divide, one tiny rivulet flowing to the east to mingle its waters with the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, and the other to the west, where it finally loses itself in the warm currents of the mighty Pacific. Over the forking of the little stream, stands a rustic arch, with the words, The Great Divide, formed in it.

In a short space of time our porter called "Laggan," and we gathered our possessions together and once more hurried out of the car—Laggan, a little mountain village of some dozen log huts, and a few cars—crude and almost primeval!

Soon we were riding over the most wonderful mountain road in God's Out-of-Doors, following the curve of the mountains, turning abruptly around dizzy cliffs crossing tremendous abysses, burying ourselves in the pine forests and emerging again to gaze far down into some distant wooded valley or up to some gleaming glacier and all the time, with the sound of that raging mountain stream, the only outlet of Lake Louise, swollen mad with the spring rains and the melting snows, dinning itself into our consciousness. As we alighted from the open sight-seeing car at the luxurious hotel far up in the clouds and two miles from the railroad, then before our gaze, lay Lake Louise, like an adorable gem, among the mountains.

"Oh—woods of the West, I am sighing today,

For the sea songs your voices repeat;

For the evergreen glades, for the glades far away,

From the stifling air of the street.

"And I long—ah, I long to be with you again,

And to dream in that region of rest;

Forever apart from this warring of men—

Oh—wonderful woods of the West."



VIEWS AT BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE, B. C., CANADA.

Lake Louise

By Mrs. Chas. S. Peterson

THIS is undoubtedly the most beautiful spot in the Canadian Rockies, lying at an elevation of 5,645 feet and shut in on every side by rocky, snow-capped heights, offering a picture of perfect peace. The beautiful color and the wonderful changes of light are so exquisite, so subtle in change, so infinite in variety that memory fails to recall their varying moods, the wonderful shades of green and the many shades of blue in the water at one time. It is a perfect picture in the vast gallery of Nature's masterpieces.

The lake is about a mile and a half long and half a mile broad, while its depth is over 200 feet.

At the head of Lake Louise is the magnificent Mt. Victoria, 11,355 feet high—a giant snow-capped mountain. It has been frequently ascended and is not considered a difficult peak to attain.

Lake Louise was named in honor of Princess Louise, daughter of the late Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor General of Canada, from the year 1878 to 1883.

The place is noted for avalanches and it is not uncommon to hear the thunder of several of them in a day. Immense masses of falling rocks and ice cut down trees and sweep everything from their path by their terrible, irresistible force. From the precipitous sides of Mt. Victoria ice and rock are continually becoming detached. Large avalanches are frequently seen from the hotel—the Chateau as it is called—descending through the airy abyss and striking the rock with

thundering noise far below. It is said to take nearly twenty seconds for the noise to reach the Chateau and when the thunder is heard all that is then seen is large clouds of fine snow rising from the place where the avalanche has fallen.

About nine miles from Lake Louise is the beautiful Moraine Lake, situated in the deeply impressive Valley of the Ten Peaks. From the road one sees an interesting rock formation known as the Tower of Babel.

Moraine Lake is about a mile and a half long—a green forest covers the north shore while the opposite side is overhung by a high precipice. Surrounding the water is a succession of peaks rising five to six thousand feet above it, with a few small glaciers among them. The water is very clear and of the same coloring as Lake Louise.

Mirror Lake is another beautiful gem. It has no visible outlet, the water escaping through an underground channel to Lake Louise, 1,000 feet below. Another scenic feature of the mountains is the Lake of the Clouds.

Our party took in most of these places, some in carriages, some on horseback, and one very tender-hearted member of our party walked and led his horse.

Other parts of the Rockies have their attractions, but none of them can measure up to Lake Louise for its winsome picturesqueness. Lake Louise is simply incomparable.

Above the Clouds at Lake Louise

By Mrs. Chas. L. Eckman, Jamestown, N. Y.

THE arrival at Lake Louise station in no way prepared us for the great treat in store for us at the end of the two and one-half miles ride up into the mountains. We had seen so much on our trip that we were in a state of mind almost bordering on indifference, in fact, we could even challenge anyone to show us anything more to excite our interest or wonder. With what intense surprise and satisfaction our party arrived at the Chateau of Lake Louise need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that each one

enjoyed to the fullest extent the comfort and charm of the beautiful hotel, and many regrets were expressed that our stay was to be so short. It is safe to predict that this delightful spot will be visited again by many of those who constitute the membership of the Swedish-American California Club.

After dinner, the evening was spent mostly indoors on account of a drizzling rain, which was falling. Some enjoyed dancing in the spacious ball room, some wrote letters and cards, and a great many patron-

ized the curio shop where souvenirs were purchased for at least twice their real value. Plans for the next day were made by different groups before retiring to our rooms to obey the mandate of the executive committee that each one must take a bath.

Early the next morning we prepared to climb. Those were most comfortable who had stout shoes and heavy clothing. Some, however, had no choice, and must suffer in pumps or stay behind at the hotel.

Eight of our number started from the hotel at about nine o'clock to walk to the Lakes in the Clouds. On the way, three others, who were strangers to us, joined our party, and proved themselves a jolly addition. The ascent was easy over a distinct trail, marked here and there with sign posts. After an invigorating walk by the lower trail we arrived at Mirror Lake, which is smaller than Lake Louise, but possesses the same beauty of coloring and picturesqueness. Not stopping to rest, we continued the ascent to Lake Agnes, which is so nearly inaccessible that the last stages of the climb are up an almost perpendicular stairway. Lake Agnes is the tiniest one of the three lakes, but once seen it will never be forgotten.

Surrounded by snowclad Mounts Whyte and Niblock, with patches of snow down to the water's edge, and filled with the solitude of the grim mountains, one stands awe-struck as it comes into view. No words come to express our thoughts. But soon the whole party is throwing snowballs at each other and there is great delight in the novelty of the feeling of snow in June. At the little tea house kept by two English ladies, tea has been ordered, and shortly we are enjoying well deserved refreshment after our vigorous climb. Of course, a picture must be taken at this unique spot, and although the sun refuses stubbornly to shine, several snap shots are made.

We were loth to leave this charming spot, but time was short and precious, so descending the stairs again another trail was taken which was not so distinct and quite a little steeper than the one we followed previously. There was a great deal of puffing and panting for breath, perspiration was wiped from warm brows, and coats and jackets were discarded as the ascent became more strenuous. At length the summit was reached and a wonderful panorama presented itself to our eyes. Below was a view of Lake Agnes, still farther down we saw Mirror Lake, and lowest of all charming Lake Louise and the Chateau. We stood enraptured, spell-bound. "How beautiful are thy works, O Lord God," was the thought uppermost in our minds.

After taking more pictures, which in one case at least, proved a dismal failure, we began the descent. Long before we reached the

Chateau we were convinced that our tramp had indeed been long and strenuous. Footsore and weary, however, we at last arrived at the end of our jaunt, feeling so satisfied, so uplifted mentally with the grandeur of nature which we had been permitted to see, that our weariness soon disappeared and indeed, after partaking of a satisfying luncheon, was entirely forgotten.

It is interesting to know that Lake Louise was named in honor of Princess Louise, daughter of the late Queen Victoria, and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor General of Canada, from 1878 to 1883.

Lake Agnes was named after Miss Agnes Knox, of Toronto, who is said to have been the first woman to visit the lake. One of the members of our party felt a sort of proprietary interest in the same lake, for the reason that her name happened to be Agnes, too. When the train was passing the Three Sister Mountains and it was suggested to name them Tillie, Selma and Agnes, someone ventured the remark that it ought to be quite enough to have a lake named after one, and that honors should be more evenly divided. So the second honor was "passed on" unselfishly.

I'm afraid my story is becoming all too lengthy, but I must mention before I close that many of our party took horseback rides to Victoria Glacier, and there was a rumor that Mayor Carlson was so inexperienced in the art of horseback riding that he slid over the horse's head instead of dismounting in the usual way. Others enjoyed rowing across Lake Louise for a closer view of the Glacier. Miss Emelia Dahlgren was perfectly content to loll in an armchair by one of the large windows of the Chateau, drinking in the wonderful view of the Lake, mountains and Glacier, and I would love to have had a half-day to spend in just such a way myself.

When people say to me "Where is Lake Louise, I have never heard of it," I can't help experiencing a feeling of pity and regret that everyone is not privileged to see this one of the gems of God's creation.

The personnel of our little party of eleven is as follows:

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Christenson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson.

Miss Alfhild Anderson.

Mrs. Alfred Anderson.

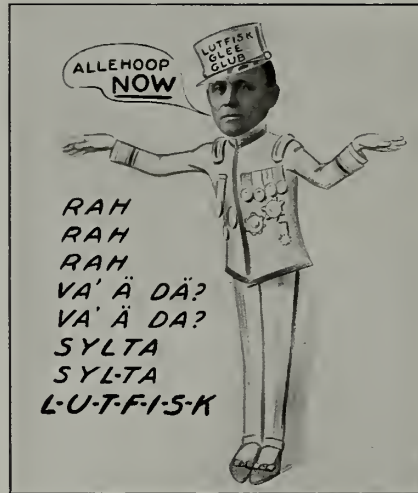
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Heep, New York City (no relation to Uriah Heep).

Mr. J. L. McWhorter, Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Eckman.

Notes of the Trip

"Along came Ruth." Announcements are soon to be made of the removal of Dr. Ruth Anderson, M. D., recent graduate of the Chicago University medical department, to the west coast. It is taken for granted that her arrival in San Francisco will be given considerable publicity by the polished editor Gunnar Wickman of "Vestkusten."



Ed Lindsten is the real "Yell-Master." Augustana College needs him as they are shy of "yell-masters." Ed would make a good preacher and might take the regular course in the college seminary. Tuition will be free to Ed if he decides to become a preacher.

The car next to the dining car contained all Chicago people, a very exclusive bunch. It was the only car on the train that did not have a sprinkling of outside people represented. In this car was registered the Friedlunds, the Nilsons, the Skoglunds, and Barquists, the Torstensions, the Nelsons, the Linns, and last, but not least, the Lindstens. Complaints of late hours and disorderly conduct always came from this car; that is why they were placed as near the baggage car as possible so they

would not annoy the regular passengers. All hours of the night could be heard such hideous and sinful songs as "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "I Want a Girl," "My Wife's Gone to the Country! Hurrah!"

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Va är dä Va är dä
Sylta Sylta
Lutfisk.

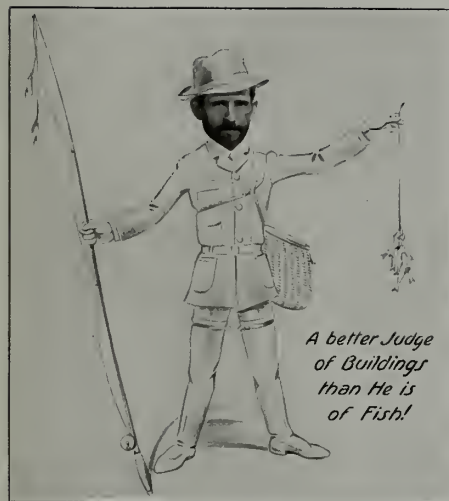
Outside of that they were all right, and they can hitch their car to our special train any time.



Here is the "pitch gang" (horseshoes). Reading from left to right is Charles L. Eckman, who got most of the money, Ed. Linn, John E. Johnson, Ed Lindsten, John Friedlund, Charles W. Nelson and Mayor M. R. Carlson.



Call for Dr. Christenson. A dose of Peruna is needed for Lydia Pinkham in Compartment A of the Kansas car. Poor Mrs. Christenson got very little sleep. Her husband was out on a case nearly every night.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ericsson and daughter, Martha, made the party more complete by their presence. They are very jovial people and Ericsson's fish stunt was a good one.

Contrast the trip we made from Illinois to Salt Lake in a special train of compartment cars, with the best of hotel service when it comes to dining cars, and that of 1,600 Mormons, who in 1846 crossed the Mississippi river and traveled 1,500 miles through the country without a road, without a bridge, village, inn, without wells, cattle, pastures or cultivated lands.

John A. Benson of Des Moines was certainly a noisy guy. He could make more racket and start more fussing than even our "Bell-Cow."

Miss Belle Robarth and Miss Ruth Anderson are both contemplating trips to the west coast soon. Oh! you California!

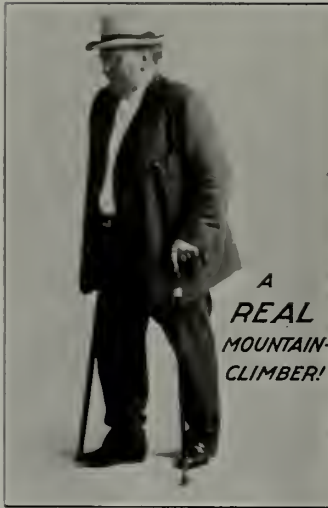


Charles S. Peterson missed the time of his life, but he was generous enough to let his wife go and she was congenial company. We had the pleasure of Mr. Peterson's company the last two days of the trip.



Here's our old friend, Charles Barquist, in the center of the agricultural district of Nebraska, where he and his wife boarded the train.

John E. Johnson, De Kalb, after he was suggested as a possible United States Senator from Illinois at the vaudeville performance in Yellowstone got the "bee" in his bonnet and is to be candidate for State Senator from his district. We're for you, Johnson of De Kalb; three votes for you. A cartoon was made of him, but it busted in the making.



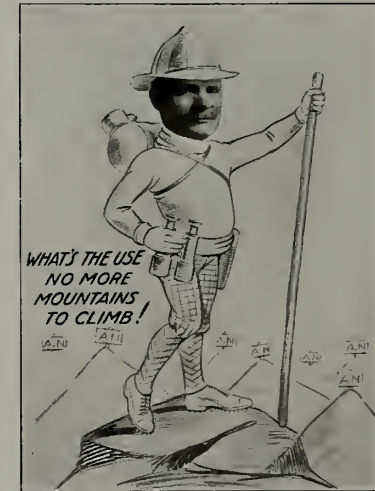
Dr. W. A. Peterson walked up to the glaciers at Lake Louise. Shame on your horseback riders and leaders of horses.



Didn't it surprise you when you got that check from Henry S. Henschen? Let's go to Sweden. We'll be money ahead.

The amiable, congenial, and ever pleasant C. E. Carson, wife and daughter, have the thanks of every member of the party. What they did to help members of the party over the "rough places" from headache medicine to clean sox will always be remembered.

Miss Judith Anderson handed the committee on this book a complete description of the entire trip. The manuscript was neatly typewritten and is a book in itself, full of interesting details from day to day of the entire trip. It is only to be regretted that the entire story could not be used here.



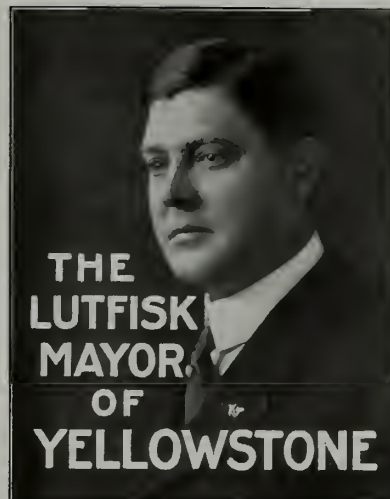
Andrew Nilson is a real mountain climber. His feats at Lake Louise and in Yellowstone won the admiration of the entire bunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Eckman, of Jamestown, are old travelers and knew the ropes. Why they should live in New York is more than we Illinoisans can understand.

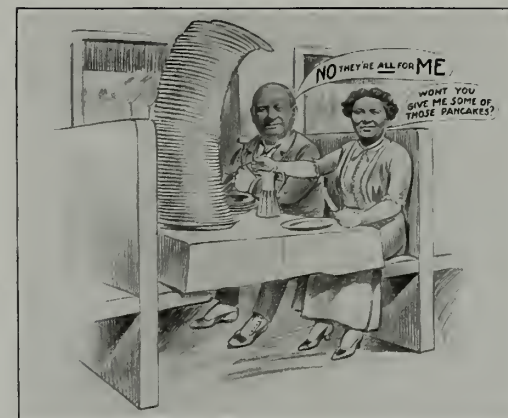
Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Oldenborg could always be found on the rear end of the train, the doctor being busy with his graflex camera. Show us some of the pictures, "doc."



Here is a cartoon of our train going through the Rockies with our "Bell-Cow's" noble head photographed into the engine. Some splendid work in the cartoon line.



Handsome Ed. Linn. Beside his beauty he has considerable ability in a "pitch" game. The most important, however, is that the girls are all for him.



"And Peterson got his pancakes." Served him right. Anyone that does as much walking as P. A. Peterson of Rockford needs a flock of pancakes seven time a day. He should give some, however, to his wife.

Governor Eberhart was the king and his wife the queen of the party. Occasions are rare when travelers are allowed such excellent companions.

Mrs. John Ericson celebrated a wedding anniversary at Lake Louise with dinner, June 30. Her guests did not include her husband. But it was a fine party, nevertheless.



Compartment H of the Kentucky car had more men's hats in it than any other compartment. Our genial manager, E. C. Westman, was in that compartment and his wife had to keep all her clothes in the baggage car to make room for all of Ed's hats.

The attached illustration shows a forgotten suit case full of hats being brought down from the hotel at Lake Louise to the station by one of the Canadian cowby roughriders.



Mrs. Otto Cederwall in her next trip through Yellowstone says that she will take the hotel route. Too many bears "snooking" around the tents in the camp trip for her. She didn't get caught in the same predicament as Brother Carson did, as shown in the attached cartoon. Mrs. Cederwall was shy a door in her tent.



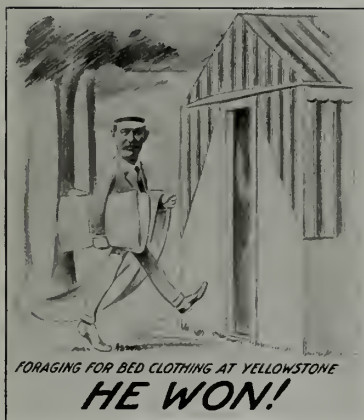
The N. A. Nelson family. What would we have done without them. From little Stanley, who is too cute for anything, up to the old man himself, who is shown herewith working for us, using a stump of a tree in Yellowstone for a desk. Hurrah for Scandia!



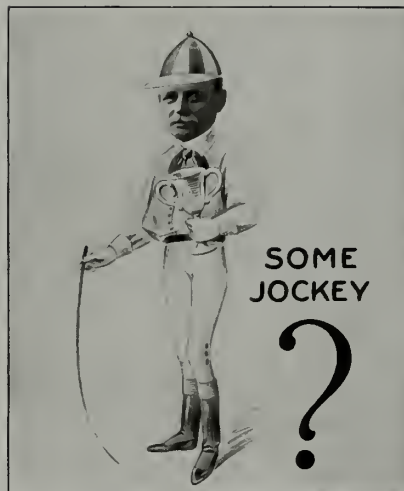
Dear old Salt Lake. The swim in it will long be remembered and was one of the best things on the trip. The man holding up his left hand in the picture is not a Chicago alderman. Who is he? The first one guessing the man's name and reporting it to E. C. Westman will get an extra book free of charge.



In compartments I and J of the Kentucky car and compartment G of car No. 1, were assigned five of the sweetest of the earth. Modesty forbids further comment, but may they so live that the future will bestow on them as many blessings as they have enjoyed in the past, is the wish of a lover of all of 'em.



Mr. A. Lanquist was the "Robinson Crusoe" of the party. His work in making the best of it the first night in Yellowstone had a moral effect on the rest of us and prevented a stampede of the entire party to the hotel. The mormon husband got a good night's sleep in Yellowstone entirely through the efforts of Lanquist. His charming daughter, Mrs. J. L. Forch, Jr., had made the trip before and she was a source of information that was very valuable.



Charles W. Nelson was as good a horseback rider as Mayor Carlson was a poor one. Charlie certainly looks graceful on a horse and deserves a loving cup for his nifty riding. His weight is good for a professional jockey.



Compartment I of the Kansas car contained a honeymoon couple and it would be wicked to say anything about them, but something had to be mentioned of their trip to the mountains at Lake Louise. The blushing bride finished the trip on horseback all right, but the groom could not make it, so decided to walk the last three miles and lead his horse. The accompanying illustration is that of the Honorable Mayor M. R. Carlson of Moline leading a horse.



The Itinerary

1915

June 12—Saturday: Lv. Chicago 9:30 p. m. Union Station.
June 15—Tuesday: Ar. Salt Lake City 8:00 a. m.
June 15—Tuesday: Lv. Salt Lake City 7:00 p. m.
June 16—Wednesday: Ar. Yellowstone Park Station 6:30 a. m.
June 19—Saturday: Lv. Yellowstone Park Station 5:45 p. m.
June 20—Sunday: Stop at Salt Lake City 5:15 to 5:45 a. m.
June 21—Monday: Stop at Pomona, Cal., 7:45 to 11:30 a. m.
June 21—Monday: Ar. Los Angeles 1:00 p. m.
June 22—Tuesday: Lv. Los Angeles 6:00 p. m.
June 23—Wednesday: Ar. San Francisco 9:00 a. m.
June 25—Friday: Lv. San Francisco 7:00 p. m.
June 26—Saturday: Stop at Medford, Ore., 3:00 to 5:30 p. m.

1915

June 27—Sunday: Stop at Portland 7:30 to 9:45 a. m.
June 27—Sunday: Ar. Seattle 4:00 p. m.
June 28—Monday: Lv. Seattle by steamer 9:00 a. m.
June 28—Monday: Stop at Victoria, B. C., 1:15 to 3:00 p. m.
June 28—Monday: Ar. Vancouver 7:30 p. m.
June 29—Tuesday: Lv. Vancouver 9:00 a. m.
June 29—Tuesday: Ar. Sicamous 11:00 p. m.
June 30—Wednesday: Lv. Sicamous 6:00 a. m.
June 30—Wednesday: Ar. Lake Louise 5:20 p. m.
July 1—Thursday: Lv. Lake Louise 5:25 p. m.
July 3—Saturday: Stop at Minneapolis 10:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.
July 4—Sunday: Ar. Chicago 8:00 a. m.

Report of the Auditing Committee

To the Members of the Swedish-American California Club:

We have examined the accounts and vouchers of Henry S. Henschen, Treasurer of the Swedish-American California Club, showing total receipts of \$25,883.98, total expenditures of \$25,286.88, and cash in bank at the present time of \$597.10, and hereby certify that we have found these receipts, disbursements and cash on hand to be correct.

EDWARD J. LINDSTEN,

ANDREW NILSON,

Auditing Committee.

Chicago, Aug. 19th, 1915.

Note—The \$597.10 balance on hand will be used in paying for the expense in connection with the publishing of this book.



